

BANDITS SHOOT 2, SEIZE \$1932 PAYROLL IN DORCHESTER



DYING WITH THUG BULLET IN HIS BACK
Patrolman Patrick Reid of Field's Corner station, dying at City Hospital with bullets fired into his back when bandits seized a bag containing \$1932 and fled. He had no chance to give battle. Not being aware of the crime until he was wounded.

Cashier's Own Story of Pay Holdup

A graphic description of the brazen holdup in Dorchester in which a policeman and an insurance agent were shot and a payroll stolen, was furnished police by the insurance cashier from whom the cash was taken, and who escaped the blast of shots. His story follows:

By FRED INGRAM

As told to a Boston Evening American Reporter

"I was in the lead on the stairs leading from the street to our office on the second floor. Rubenstein followed, with Patrolman Reid bringing up the rear."

"Half way up, I noticed a man dressed in overalls and a jumper, start toward me from the top landing. I turned around, surprised, and saw two men starting up the stairs, one of them carrying a gun. The next thing I knew, I heard a shot. Reid threw up his hands and tumbled headlong down the marble stairs to the street. Rubenstein was then shot, and

Mae West Says 3 Leading Men Got Her All Wrong

Hollywood, April 14 (INS)—Claudette Colbert, like a forceful leading man—like Gary Cooper, Clark Gable, and Walter Huston. Marlene Dietrich wants tall ones—Brian Aherne matched this demand, and now it's John Lodge, a star-fighter. Janet Gaynor picks romantic looking men—Charles Farrell for instance. Dorothy Wilson prefers handsome, clean looking. Miriam Hopkins if she has her way chooses a man type—George Bancroft, right that bill. Ellena Landi favors worldly, sophisticated chaps—Wimpy Adolphe Menjou as her choice in her next picture. But as for Mae West—in matters not whether they are tall or short, fair or dark—but to they have sex appeal. And to the curvaceous Mae too.



EXCLUSIVE
Patrolman Patrick Reid of Field's Corner station, dying at City Hospital today, ruthlessly shot down by bandits as he heavily sought to frustrate them in a daring payroll holdup in crowded Dorchester ave. His wife, Mrs. Frances Reid, the mother of his baby, stood by

BANDIT TRIO SHOTS TWO, GETS \$1932 PAYROLL

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by of shot fired by the bandit leader. Apparently the plan was to remove with utmost ruthlessness all that lay between bandits and money—ingram, the payroll man, Rubenstein, the agent, and Reid, the guard.

The holdup, which threw Greater Boston and state police into a desperate manhunt, was executed with such daring, that hundreds of passersby and shoppers in the crowded section were unaware of the shooting until the trio made their getaway in a stolen auto parked around the corner in Lincoln st.

CROWDS IN PANIC

Upstairs, however, about 40 girls and 60 other agents, were panic-stricken on hearing the shots. Later, outside, the entire section was thrown in an uproar when it was learned that the policeman and agent had been shot.

The belief that the bandits intended the cold-blooded shooting as part of the robbery plan was evident as the crime was reconstructed for police by spectators and the victims.

As in the usual Saturday morning custom, Ingram, accompanied by Reid as a guard, was returning from the First National Bank branch about 200 yards away from the company office with the payroll bag containing \$1932. Just before entering the doorway, Rubenstein joined them.

TRAPPED ON STAIRS
With Ingram in the lead, Rubenstein following and the patrolman bringing up the rear, they started up the stairs. On the top landing Ingram noticed a short, fat man, garbed in overalls and a jumper, start down toward him. At that point the man heading toward him grabbed the payroll bag.

At the same time, the pair below went into furious action, and before Reid could turn to protect himself, one of the bandits shot a bullet into his back. Reid threw his hands into the air, and pitched down the marble stairs to the sidewalk.

Rubenstein, who felt the sting of the second bullet burn through his thigh, shouted, "We been shot." Before any of the three victims could act, the bandits fled in the

most horrified and grieved to do much more than gaze upon him. Reid was shot in the back at his first move to draw his gun to protect a \$1932 payroll of the Dorchester branch of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Co. Three bandits, their guns still hot from the death flame, fled with the money, leaving behind another wounded man, too. (Boston American photo.)

Police investigators later uncovered information that might aid them in the identification of the trio if captured. Detectives James V. Crowley and Thomas County talked with Herbert A. Hambro of 31 Myers lane, Milton, owner of the registration plates used by the bandits. Hambro said that he parked his

car about 7:30 a. m. in Mattapan sq. Just as he was locking the door he noticed a new car drive in with three occupants, two of them dressed in working clothes. It was apparently this same trio who stole his plates for the holdup job.

A restaurant owner in the neighborhood also told police that he served three men earlier in the morning who answered the same descriptions. Police investigators later uncovered information that might aid them in the identification of the trio if captured.

Roosevelt, Jr., Gets License
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Joel about his encounter in Philadelphia, where he was snappily leaving a prize fight, and did not like it, he said to the police: "Yeh, I got in a jam with that photographer, had to treat him rough."

As he left to take his driver's test, he was urged to pose and said: "No pictures. I want to be a regular fellow but I can't if I'm always on the front page." Then he grinned and posed, taking orders from the photographers just like his father probably will at the opening ball game next week.

He took his test in his own car, a phaeton, carrying District of Columbia plates. After returning, he drove away with a policeman who was going to serve a summons and had to travel in the same direction as the youth with the famous name.



WHERE TRIO LURKED IN AMBUSH

Photo diagram of the robbery on the stairway in Dorchester ave., near Lincoln st., Dorchester, where bandit terrorists ruthlessly shot down a policeman and a life insurance agent, menaced with guns a cashier, threw a swarming neighborhood into panic and fled with a payroll.

COP ASKED FOR GUARD JOB

Detective Edmund D. Reed volunteered for the assignment which may cost him his life. When the call came into the station for a man to protect the Metropolitan Life Insurance payroll, Harry Carlson put on his coat. It was Carlson's turn.

"Wait a minute, Harry," said Reed. "I'll take the call. It's probably the insurance company guard, and I want a chance to get a cup of coffee."

He responded and was shot probably fatally. Then he is R. H. Thomas company and result with Barbara Roberts, she will save you both time and money.

Roosevelt, Jr., Gets Auto Driving License

New York, April 14 (INS)—The French line de la France waited 25 minutes after sailing time today for Dr. George Reed, woman physician called suddenly to accompany Mrs. Frederick H. Prince, wife of the Boston financier. Mrs. Prince was taken ill last night and determined to go to Europe with her husband and child Dr. Reed at 10 a. m. today. The liner was to sail at noon.

At 11:30 Dr. Reed got her passport, notified officers of the passport and hurried aboard at 12:23 amid cheers of several hundred visitors who were arm-waving waving farewell to friends.

MIDGET AUTO IS SHIFTED BODILY

When you pull up the brakes and lock the doors of one of those midget automobiles—be aware of judges. Anyway, that is the warning that was heard today when he returned to find it tucked up on the sidewalk on Oils at. He had parked it on the right side of the street, locking it, securely. A few minutes later, a cold truck came along, and in order to make do with the truck driver and his helper just carried the midget truck down the street, depositing it against the curb.

That was all right until another truck came along, with a load for a business house in front of which the car now was parked. By now both sides of the street were filled up with parked vehicles. So very automatically, the driver and helper of the second truck just picked up the midget car and set it on the sidewalk—more or less an accident to illustrate the indifference of parking your car in the wrong spot.

DOCTOR TREATS MRS. PRINCE

Paris, April 14 (AP)—Premier Doumergue finally balanced France's budget today. The cabinet adopted five decrees reducing pensions and completing 4,000,000-600 francs (\$264,000,000) in economies effective immediately.

French Pensions Cut, Budget Even

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Hal Marchbanks Dies
New York, April 14 (AP)—Hal Marchbanks, 26, known on both sides of the Atlantic for his fine printing, died last night of pneumonia. He was president of Marchbanks Press.

THOUSANDS IN NEW THREATS TO STRIKE

Washington, April 14 (AP)—Threats of a strike in the oil industry continued to dot the industrial map today.

A bright spot was an announcement that a \$200,000 expansion program of the Homer Laughlin China Co. at Newell, W. Va., will result in employment for 350 men.

The most serious threat was in the oil workers' union announced in Washington that 100,000 men would be called out within 48 hours if wage differentials in the oil code were adopted.

A strike of 68 soda workers at the Viscose factory at Lewistown, Pa., against a 20-minute lunch period resented through the plant. Union leaders estimated 300 men were out.

From Potomac, Pa., a call to strike Monday went out to miners in four counties of the Pennsylvania Coal Co. An union spokesman said the company had failed to keep a wage agreement. The estimated 2700 miners would be affected.

All firms at a shipyard in Camden were ordered extinguished when they hoped for settlement. Differences with 3000 striking workers became acute.

Miners at the Coal Valley mine at Jasper, Ala., worked under the provision of a new contract. The company guards, after workers returning to the mine were fired on from ambush.

An important declaration of administrative attitude toward monopolies and labor in connection with the National Recovery Act reported during in Detroit. Richard B. French, general counsel of N.R.A.

In Detroit the tool and die makers' strike was called off. The estimated 3000 men would be affected.

Champ Goes Over the Top



Edward H. Hogan, of Boston and Manchester, is giving his champion jumper, Bridget O'Flynn, a workout for the Worcester horse show, which is being staged today and tomorrow. Bridget won the championship at the Boston Garden Show in 1932.

HUNT ENDS

Mr. Holly, N. J., April 14 (INE)—A tale of tireless and brilliant sleuthing that would have done credit to Sherlock Holmes was climaxed in real life here today when Ellis Parker, chief of Burlington county detectives, declared the sensational murder of Bradley Brown more than a year ago has been solved.

The arrest of three men ended a painstaking secret investigation that began Jan. 13, 1933, when Brown, young and wealthy printing company executive, was found shot to death in his home near Fairbury, N. J.

The suspects are in separate jails. Edward Adams, 28, is a prisoner here. In Philadelphia he collected for a \$125,000 bond robbery charge, as well as a murder accusation. Solomon Lutz, a barber, is held in Tomba Prison, New York.

Adams and Stewenack are directly accused of the killing. Lutz is named in a third true bill as an accessory before and after the fact. With the arrest and indictment of the three men, Parker asserted his long-held theory that Bradley Brown was murdered by robbers has been vindicated.

Historic Bits Getting New Treatment

By N. F. T.

This latest effort to enter something different on the dish menu has been done before, yet it is new inasmuch as many of the cut and dried doings current in radio land. Therefore, the undertaking referred to would seem to deserve special mention at this time. They have a "House Party" program burlesque, a "Pammy Brown" in which (WEER) when 9 o'clock rolls around tonight.

Arthur Brown, who is winning himself considerable network respect and money as a mimic, is taking a "Captain John Smith" role while Alice Corbin, a pretty blonde comedienne, a "Pocahontas" stage role, assumes a "Pocahontas" role.

Pauline Price technique will be readily recognized by the coast to coast listeners, since Miss Collins can use the funmaking of WHIR—Broadway's planned measure of artistic skill.

Secretary of State Cordell Hull is holding forth for a brief Pan-American relations address on the air this evening (WEER) 10:30, with attending music by 10 musicians (WEEI) from the Army, Navy and Marine Bands.

Best Bets Tonight

- 5:30 P. M.—WBZ—Singing by the Lawrence Club.
- 6:00 P. M.—WBZ—More of the "Last" comedy offerings, featuring Vic Whitman.
- 6:45 P. M.—WBZ—Spiritual songs by Edward McHugh, well known as "Al" Trabant.
- 7 P. M.—WBZ—Special all-star program with vocalists: George Arliss, Ronald Colman, Constance Tannen, Loretta Young, Jack Oakie, Spencer Tracy and others.
- 7:30 P. M.—WBZ—Vocal presentation by the Simmons College and U. S. Glee Club.
- 8:00 P. M.—WEEL—Concert by the United States Marine Band.
- 8:45 P. M.—WAAB—Weekly update by Francis P. (Tip) O'Neill, reported night police reporter for the Boston Evening American.
- 9 P. M.—WEEL—Radio relations by "House Party" half hour play under way starring Donald Brown and Mary.
- 10 P. M.—WBZ—Harmony selections by the "Three Blue Note" combination.
- 10:30 P. M.—WEEL—Significant fact part. Pauline Price technique will be readily recognized by the coast to coast listeners, since Miss Collins can use the funmaking of WHIR—Broadway's planned measure of artistic skill.
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COMING "SEA GIRL"

Meditative

George Raft in
Matador Role
at the Met



The Trumpet Blows, now on film at the Metropolitan, heads George Raft for hero, and for heroine the brooding beauty, Frances Drake, recently seen with the star in "Holeró." For one good point, you may regard this picture as splendid bait for Raft's in-person on the stage of this same theater a week hence. Of local interest is the fact that this movie affords the first screen view of Katharine Lester De Mille, who happens to be of Boston lineage on her mother's side.

Helen Chandler, captivating in "Long Lost Father," coming to the Scollay, next week.

Globe Trotter

One of the most disastrous fires on record is pictured in the current issue of Hearst Metro-tone News. It swept the city of Hakodate, Japan, an important seaport north of Tokio, cost 1500

lives, destroyed 25,000 buildings and rendered 200,000 homeless. A furious gale that fanned the flames also wrecked ships and docks. Scores of persons hurled themselves to death in the sea in their mad endeavor to escape the seething inferno. The Globe residence in the States.

Of more expert texture is the Pencho of Adolphe Menjou, robber by night and a gay cavalier by day, and a brother the killer of the bulls. Honors the latter, to find Minnie Drake doing a captivating dance around a glowing coal.

Army Day is marked by a spectacular exhibition by the Chemical Corps at Edgewood Arsenal, Maryland. A triple smoke bomb is said to be a new flier, and the latest type of bombs are fired from huge mortars with amazing effects. At West Point the cadets put on a brilliant review for the benefit of a delegation of

After having seen a motion picture of the same name, the notorious bandit, and his gun-moll, Bonnie and Clyde, the two men were taken to a rooming house, where they were held for a few days. The two men were taken to a rooming house, where they were held for a few days. The two men were taken to a rooming house, where they were held for a few days.

Amusements

UNFORGETTABLE!
For This One Only Once Admitted!
Enthusiastic! Bazaar



**GEORGE
RAFT**

**THE TRUMPET
BLOWS**

**ADOLPHE MENJOU
FRANCES DRAKE**

PARAMOUNT PICTURES

Amusements

METROPOLITAN
THE SHOW PLACE OF NEW ENGLAND

**STAGE
75 STARS!**

**VAGABOND
ON PARADE**

Leading the TROUPE of FIVE
PAUL OLIVETTE
and a host of
Famous Talent

Edna Giverville
Lorraine
Helen
Waring
BARCELS

[illegible]

ALSTON Sat. 4:30 Free Parking	Get Your Number "A Little More Love" "I'm a Fool for You" "David Harum" ROBERT MONTGOMERY Cambridge of Mr. X	STRAND Sat. 3:15 Reserv. 2nd-4th Fls.	"I Believed in You" "Beauty and the Beast" MATTAPAN QO
CAPITOL Sat. 4:30 Free Parking	ROBERT MONTGOMERY Cambridge of Mr. X WILL ROGERS "David Harum" "A Little More Love" "I'm a Fool for You" "The Lost Patrol" "The Great Train Robbery" "The Great Escape" "The Great Escape II" "The Great Escape III"	ORCHARD Sat. 3:15 Reserv. 2nd-4th Fls.	"David Harum" "A Little More Love" "I'm a Fool for You" "The Lost Patrol" "The Great Train Robbery" "The Great Escape" "The Great Escape II" "The Great Escape III"
CENTRAL Sat. 4:30 Free Parking	WILL ROGERS "David Harum" "A Little More Love" "I'm a Fool for You" "The Lost Patrol" "The Great Train Robbery" "The Great Escape" "The Great Escape II" "The Great Escape III"	RIALTO Sat. 3:15 Reserv. 2nd-4th Fls.	"David Harum" "A Little More Love" "I'm a Fool for You" "The Lost Patrol" "The Great Train Robbery" "The Great Escape" "The Great Escape II" "The Great Escape III"
HARVARD Sat. 4:30 Free Parking	RICHARD BARTHELME "The Great Train Robbery" "The Great Escape" "The Great Escape II" "The Great Escape III"	ROXBURY Sat. 3:15 Reserv. 2nd-4th Fls.	"David Harum" "A Little More Love" "I'm a Fool for You" "The Lost Patrol" "The Great Train Robbery" "The Great Escape" "The Great Escape II" "The Great Escape III"
LYMPIA Sat. 4:30 Free Parking	CHORLEA "The Great Train Robbery" "The Great Escape" "The Great Escape II" "The Great Escape III"	Rivoli Sat. 3:15 Reserv. 2nd-4th Fls.	"David Harum" "A Little More Love" "I'm a Fool for You" "The Lost Patrol" "The Great Train Robbery" "The Great Escape" "The Great Escape II" "The Great Escape III"
COMPTON Sat. 4:30 Free Parking	DORCHESTER "The Great Train Robbery" "The Great Escape" "The Great Escape II" "The Great Escape III"	SHAWMUT Sat. 3:15 Reserv. 2nd-4th Fls.	"David Harum" "A Little More Love" "I'm a Fool for You" "The Lost Patrol" "The Great Train Robbery" "The Great Escape" "The Great Escape II" "The Great Escape III"
PLAZA Sat. 4:30 Free Parking	CLARETTE "The Great Train Robbery" "The Great Escape" "The Great Escape II" "The Great Escape III"	SOMERVILLE Sat. 3:15 Reserv. 2nd-4th Fls.	"David Harum" "A Little More Love" "I'm a Fool for You" "The Lost Patrol" "The Great Train Robbery" "The Great Escape" "The Great Escape II" "The Great Escape III"
WORTHEN Sat. 4:30 Free Parking	CLARETTE "The Great Train Robbery" "The Great Escape" "The Great Escape II" "The Great Escape III"	STRAND Sat. 3:15 Reserv. 2nd-4th Fls.	"David Harum" "A Little More Love" "I'm a Fool for You" "The Lost Patrol" "The Great Train Robbery" "The Great Escape" "The Great Escape II" "The Great Escape III"
MORTON Sat. 4:30 Free Parking	CLARETTE "The Great Train Robbery" "The Great Escape" "The Great Escape II" "The Great Escape III"	WALTHAM Sat. 3:15 Reserv. 2nd-4th Fls.	"David Harum" "A Little More Love" "I'm a Fool for You" "The Lost Patrol" "The Great Train Robbery" "The Great Escape" "The Great Escape II" "The Great Escape III"
MASSACHUSETTS Sat. 4:30 Free Parking	CLARETTE "The Great Train Robbery" "The Great Escape" "The Great Escape II" "The Great Escape III"	MASSACHUSETTS Sat. 3:15 Reserv. 2nd-4th Fls.	"David Harum" "A Little More Love" "I'm a Fool for You" "The Lost Patrol" "The Great Train Robbery" "The Great Escape" "The Great Escape II" "The Great Escape III"



is combined with

Linen or Taffeta

*to make an unusually smart hat fashion
at a moderate price*

\$5.75

A lower crown of linen or taffeta with a moderate brim of choice tuscan is a happy thought for your important suit hat. You may choose black, brown, navy or antique tuscan with a crown of either linen or taffeta. Sixth floor Millinery Salon.

R. H. STEARNS CO.

investor. It is fine when the investor that is bound to win is the Irish Hospital. The ultimate destination is not always so worthy a charity.

The principality of Monaco

Guarding Themselves and Families Against Kidnapers. Precautions Taken by Wealthy or Prominent Persons. An interesting and instructive article in *The American Weekly*, the Magazine Distributed with the April 15th, Boston Sunday Herald.

Delicious Food in a Delightful Atmosphere

ITALIAN

CAVANA RESTAURANT, 335 TREMONT ST., DEV. 6835

Italian and American Cuisine—Special Dining Rooms for Parties

We Serve Only the Best Liquors, Wines and Beer

fuscan with a crofeta. Sixth floor

R. H. ST

Perhaps I know best why man is the only animal that laughs. He alone suffers so excruciatingly that he was compelled to invent laughter.—Nietzsche.

READING-WRITING

Dorothea Brande Tells How To Become a Writer

BY WILLIAM SOSKIN

DOZENS of people have written to me in the past year asking: "How can I learn to be a writer?" It has been my favorite practice to reply:

"I don't know."

I might, of course, have referred these eager correspondents to various courses in English composition, to such fragmentary essays as A. Quiller-Couch's *On the Art of Writing*, or to philosophical studies like E. M. Forster's *Aspects of the Novel*. They would thereby have learned some of the technical language of authorship and how to prepare a cultural background for their calling. But if they had thereupon sat themselves down before a typewriter to start writing, as chances are they would have been no better prepared.

The chief trouble with all books about writing and all essays on literary craftsmanship lies in the fact that they deal with rules of rhetoric, style and prematurely, with the marriage of manuscript and printer. They tempt to describe something vaguely known as the creative spirit. They know the fact that the main difficulty for all novices is the leap from the chaotic and unorganized to the rational selves, their blurred inspirations and their underlined personalities. The writer's job is to

FROM this day on I will no longer tell the ambitious candidates for election to the literary fraternity that "I don't know." I have now written the first adequate book on the subject I have seen—*Becoming a Writer*, by Dorothea Brande. It is a book that the chief problem is one of adjustment of personality, of development of the individual's sense of control of the writer's environment and of his attitude toward the world and its human contents.

These are large matters, it is true and possibly not the kind of thing that Mrs. Brande at least gives her reader the definite method of knowing whether or not, once his physical and mental habits are disciplined, he can write. And, after having taken her course of treatment to regulate his writing habits, to train his powers of observation, to prevent his imitating of other writers at the expense of his own, to make him, in short, after all this preparation he is still unable to make the words his own, he is to be given up.

"Your resistance," she says, "is actually greater than your desire to write, and you may as well find some other outlet for your very angry ego as mine."

FOR "years" to write Mrs. Brande has some drastic exercises. In the first place, if they are tender kind of writers, who wear their sensitive souls on their faces, she teaches them the importance of a dual personality. A critical, detached personality must be used to face the world. The other half is the dual personality, reserved for writing, may then be as sensitive, enthusiastic and particular as anything.

Most people are subject to periods of inertia and likely to be in a state of apathy that is not beneficial. If you leave to your sensitive side to get the periods of observation, to find yourself usually satisfied to sit and think. That discipline that Mrs. Brande has a quite complete and rigorous program to develop habits of work and discipline, and even takes up the subject of one's friends.

Some friends, it is obvious, are pleasant, loyal people who are ready to talk and live in an relaxed a manner as possible. Others, the loyal, comfortable friend is stolid and leaves you with a dull feeling. Write the too brilliant, too intelligent friend annoys you into speechlessness. That is to say, you really want to write and to face yourself the craft.

THE book is filled with interesting methods and suggestions for discipline—such matters as using the dictionary's objective eye on yourself to see how you would have appeared in and out of the streets and in stores; rising a half hour early and, without talking and without reading the paper, to pick up a book you laid aside the night before, beginning to write. It is intended to develop the expression of your naive, subconscious thoughts and the pictures of dreams you may have had.

But I must not retail the entire contents of this book in tabloid. It is a valuable manual for practicing as well as "reading" writers.

Becoming a Writer, by Dorothea Brande, Harcourt, Brace, \$2.00.

Note on Food

COME time ago the eminent English scientist, Dr. P. Bailey, Cambridge Summer School, predicted that the world would see an alarming food shortage by the year 2000. He figured it all out on the basis of the maximum supply of vitals and the natural increase of population. It was a very distressing thing to consider.

However, a few months ago the equally eminent scientist, Prof. Andriessen, of the French Academy of Sciences, also looked into the question. His survey demonstrated that the world had sufficient food supply to light to last twenty thousand more years from date!

This, of course, puts an entirely new light on the subject, and removes the potential worry from the minds of nervous chintzes.—W. E. & E.

The Art of Whetting

BY FRANK SULLIVAN

WITH ILLUMINATIONS BY GEORGE PRICE

A CIGARETTE company wants to console in a magazine advertisement, if I am a pencil chewer. No, I'm not, but a great many of my friends are, and among them some of the ablest and most distracted pencil chewers in the United States today. This is no mean distinction when you consider that more pencils are being chewed than ever before in its history. And if I may say so without suspicion of undue conceit, I am entirely, or certainly in part, responsible for the fact that many of my friends have reached the heights they occupy today as chewers of pencils.

THEY were novices when they came within the sphere of my influence. Many of them had never even known the taste of cedar. I developed them, and point to them with justified pride. Some, of course, were born with a tendency toward pencil chewing; ready clay for the hand of the potter. It required very little Whetting on my part to make pencil chewers of them. I will explain in a moment what Whetting is. Others had nerves of iron and it took a long time to break down the resistance of this type and reduce them to chewing at a thousand clicks an hour at the amount of resistance I encountered whether I had to use Whetting or Thumb Clicking or Humming, or all three.

There was no particular secret to my method. I was peculiarly equipped for my task of driving sane persons to the verge of insanity. I am, of course, a born Whetter, a born Thumb Clicker and a born Hummer. A great many people are born Whatters, an even greater number are natural Hummers and a not inconsiderable number have a talent for Thumb Clicking, but it is only once in a great many generations that you find someone who is a Whetter, a Thumb Clicker and a Hummer.

WHATTER is a person who is completely in command of his own remarks the first time it is addressed to him. He has to say "What" and then he remarks repeated in a form in the following sample dialogue:

"What?—Look! here is a worm coming up over there in the West. The Whetter—What?—It looks like a storm coming up in the West. The Whetter—Yes, it does. The Whetter—Don't you think we'd better get out of here?"

LETTERS I WOULD LOVE TO MAIL

By J. P. McEVOY

DEAR OGDEN NASH: Who boasts out in a poetic rash. Thereby crowding guys like me. Or even Frank Sullivan Who has a bellows.

Many more manners than to use up so many words just to get to the end of the line. When half the time you haven't the slightest idea of getting off with it anyway, but just ride on and on and on until you've got everybody crazy.

MAYBE you think, O McEVOY's jesters: That's why he yells and runs around But I ain't nuthin' like that, Nash; This bosom does not palpitate with pash.

Am the coolest number Of a cucumber. You've ever seen. I mean I'm serene.

THE lines in two So half as many Words will do. Also they won't break over and disrupt William Soskin.

As among his books he has happily baskin'. With safety round the knights of yore. The ancient gentlemen, my dear, Have nothing on you as protectors— You have to keep the front step clear Of various people's bill collections.

Modern Hero

PRIMEVALITY, the cave-man kept. Tell today's of the French Academy of Sciences, also looked into the question. His survey demonstrated that the world had sufficient food supply to light to last twenty thousand more years from date!

This, of course, puts an entirely new light on the subject, and removes the potential worry from the minds of nervous chintzes.—W. E. & E.

THE NEW BIGOTRY

Why Not Go Back to Proper Criticism of Literature?

Asks G. K. CHESTERTON

LONDON.—I notice with some amusement, both in American and English literature, the rise of a new kind of bigotry. Bigotry does not consist in a man being convinced he is right; that is not bigotry but sanity. Bigotry consists in a man being convinced that another man must be wrong in everything, because he is wrong in a particular thing. I have heard of a man who must be wrong even in the things he is right in, because he is wrong in a particular thing. I have heard of a man who must be wrong even in the things he is right in, because he is wrong in a particular thing. I have heard of a man who must be wrong even in the things he is right in, because he is wrong in a particular thing.

We all know what used to happen sometimes in the Puritan period, or the more critical classicism of the eighteenth century. The critic would write a copy of verses; mostly verses somewhat in this style:

O'er rushing waterfall and verdant
The languid moonlight throws a light
Of love.

The poet was considered quite respectable; perhaps the poem was even a prize poem. Then it was discovered that the poet, when slightly drunk, had expressed doubts about the existence of the Book of Habakkuk. There was a terrible scandal, and the poet was hurried from his college as an atheist; and then the learned critics went back and forth with a new kind of bigotry, and the learned critics went back and forth with a new kind of bigotry, and the learned critics went back and forth with a new kind of bigotry.

Today it is just the opposite; only a poet, fully of the new visions of beauty, writes verses appropriate to such vision; as, for instance:

Bug-house underbelly belch
Daylight, a cold-vorn; steady
legs to slump.

And all the young critics know he is right; he has no cosmic rhythm; he is a regular guy. And then a horrid writer goes round that he is a regular guy. And then a horrid writer goes round that he is a regular guy. And then a horrid writer goes round that he is a regular guy. And then a horrid writer goes round that he is a regular guy.

THEIR, though some of the worst examples have occurred in England, is a strictly correct biography of a man of genius who has recently come to us from America—Mr. T. S. Eliot. It would be an exaggeration to say that Mr. Eliot was expelled from Harvard for being a High Churchman, as Shelley was expelled from Oxford for being an atheist. Mr. Eliot's character was not blasted by a religious until later in life, and after he had said all that can be said for modern secularism and despair.

But this makes it all the funnier. An English critic actually accused him of asking us "to believe the unbelievable." Whatever is the sense of such a charge, it is a charge that Mr. Eliot already believes in. The author of *The Waste Land* knows all there is to know about secularism and pessimism; why not admit that his beliefs are beliefs and go back to a proper criticism of his literature?

AND as for Havelock Ellis who might take it like other cultured fellows. Don't go above James M. Cain, I'm telling you now. Or hell leave a mark on your brow. And the hard ground knew the. We are men on this page. Or meet?

J. P. McEVOY.

Third Generation
His sharp scythe whispered
The sharp of sons had heard;
The stubborn stubble knelt to it.
And the hard ground knew the.

—Eleanor Alletta Chalfen.



"I thought it was grand when I bought it, and now I brought it back to exchange, I think it's grand again."

ALLOW ME TO SAY VANISHED BEAUTY

Where Are the Mrs. Smiths of Today Talent Comes First on the Stage, Says

By C. HANSON TOWNE

I WENT to a little supper party after the theatre the other evening. Someone suggested that we have scrambled eggs and bacon. The servants had gone to bed, and to my amazement, not one of the young ladies in our group could cook a thing. They all admitted that they detested kitchens, and knew nothing of the culinary art. But all the men were rather boastful of their accomplishments over the stove. We had the eggs and bacon and coffee, despite the ignorance of the ladies.

It is not so much the "keeping house" in the old-fashioned way. With modern conveniences in the form of partitions for preparing and serving home-cooked meals, there still seems to be a tendency to go out to dine. Cafeterias, hotels and restaurants are filled with patrons all hours. Since women entered the business life, the old home atmosphere is scarce, indeed, really only a memory of childhood to the older generation.

There is a temptation to stop in at one of the numerous shops on the way "home" and pick up enough food for the evening meal, with only the necessity of placing it on the table.

The radiator has superseded the open hearth, and delicacies are delicacies have taken the place of the old home-prepared meals. Even in small towns the modern housewife has no longer the habit of bringing meals to the door, to which neighbors and friends were often invited, but grown rarer in these hurried times.

Now, however, ten houses now profit by the fact that hostesses entertain their bridge parties and pay parties in the dining room. The small-town women following suit with eagerness, since it leaves the mistress free to enjoy the party as much as her guests. She has veered away from the kitchen and is now a servant, she is glad to forgo the drudgery her mother and grandmothers once considered a necessary portion of their lives.

EVEN our old-time boarding houses have disappeared. People like to get out where the bright lights are shining; to see what is going on among the theatre crowds, and they are no longer content with basement dining rooms. They resent the punctuality of the dinner-gong. They wish to come and go as they please, without being tied down by any set of rules. The hot spot of the city is the theatre, and the semi-cold liquid one would get ten minutes late at Mrs. Smith's "fashionable boarding house."

And so the Mrs. Smiths of our big cities have gone away and the old-time boarding houses have disappeared. Perhaps they have been replaced by the "hot spots" of the city, and the semi-cold liquid one would get ten minutes late at Mrs. Smith's "fashionable boarding house."

EVERY time I ride in one of our American dignitaries, I wonder why we cannot seem to make them as pleasant as those attached to the French English. We have our picturesque colored waiters, it is true; but we need just a dash more of color and life in our service. We have our picturesque colored waiters, it is true; but we need just a dash more of color and life in our service. We have our picturesque colored waiters, it is true; but we need just a dash more of color and life in our service.

REASON for the lack of beauty in private life is that make-up has lowered the standard by enabling women to put on a make-up to make themselves look like a "perfect complexion" is practically unknown. Moreover, they have forgotten how to assume the "beauty air," which was another of the assets.

It is a pity, for great beauty is as inspiring as great music or great architecture. Moreover, the entertainment of the world is being changed. How are such processes managed? They are beyond the knowledge of a mere layman.

VAGABONDIA

U. S. Education, Not Naples, Is Subject Today

OF BRUNO LESSING

NAPLES.—Found a batch of mail, magazines and newspapers that had been forwarded. One of the nicest people interested in the improvement of the human mind. He advocates a Federal Department of Education, whose head should be a member of the President's cabinet.

He describes the inadequacy of public schools to give instruction to all the children of the land. He decries the existing system of shortening the school term, closing schools, reducing equipment, etc.

He suggests that Parent-Teacher Associations, the League of Women Voters, civic clubs, Rotary or Kiwanis should take an interest in this matter. It was this suggestion that I have been thinking of for some time. The medieval and Roman ruins of the whole panorama of Italy out of my mind. In fact, I weep.

THE suggestion that American education be turned over to the Federal Government is an excellent one, but not novel. W. H. Hearst advocated it twenty years ago and many times since. He has always been enthusiastic about it.

It is not being an optimist, always had roller views of Federal government than my pessimistic ones. To you, the average citizen, and the oil scandals of past Federal administrations. Well, my enthusiasm for Federal control of education has always been tempered by the fear that Federal control might develop from local to national proportions. Local groups are satisfied with their own kind of control, and so are the millions.

It is a handful of really able and honest educators in charge (who have no interest in votes or politics) a Federal Department of Education would be the greatest blessing ever bestowed upon our country.

EVERY child is entitled to education. A republic or a democracy recognizes that right, because its safety depends upon it. Monarchies and dictatorships do not always recognize it because a generation of intelligent citizens is a generation of trouble to a lot of dumbbells. They proclaim that they believe in education, but they do not believe in restricting it.

Liberal education develops intelligence and good taste. That is the kind of education to which we are entitled. It is the kind of education which is the majority of American school children are denied. It is the kind of education which is the majority of American school children are denied.

Take them as Democrats or Republicans, as followers of one religious or another, as Protestants or Catholics, as rich or poor—let us figure out what public education does for the masses, and let the newspapers take care of their fame.

AS for the stage being their beauty was never for a moment repaid by their accomplishments. In most cases it was the major part of their stock in trade. That was an era when the public worshipped beauty, and was not content with acting. Amelia "The Quick or the Dead" was the sensation of its year, but the actress's beauty was not her talent, and no doubt, doubled the sales of her book. It would not be surprising if she had been a beauty.

Now, today, is there a single famous beauty in society or on the stage. Many of our modern actresses have little in the way of looks, and what they have is completely overshadowed by their histrionic reputation; just as the classic beauty of Helen of Troy is a mere detail compared with her enormous reputation in the world of sport.

The reasons are not far to seek. In the first place the public has grown weary of the "beauty ideal." And she must have personality. Two conspicuous examples are Katharine Cornell and Eva Le Gallienne, who may look lovely at moments, but are far from being beauties.

The second reason is that the actress is no longer a beauty in the market. It would seem as if every pretty girl in the country made tracks for Hollywood, and many of them were engaged that at one time the beauty ideal was a reality. There may not have been any authentic beauties among them, but they were so convincing pretty.

By one could hardly tell them apart, especially when they went platinum. As a natural result, something more was demanded.

It was a pity, for great beauty is as inspiring as great music or great architecture. Moreover, the entertainment of the world is being changed. How are such processes managed? They are beyond the knowledge of a mere layman.

Portrait
She had an empty heart, they
But only one had seen inside
The little just ghost of love no
That in those corridors sobbed
and cried

—R. A.



They "went West,"
these heroes---
their dying words
went home to
loved ones in

TRAGIC

LAST LETTERS

of American Soldiers Who Died for Their Country

Many of these heart-gripping notes came from boys too young to die. Some were written by those who knew they were meeting death. Some were dictated in dying gasps to an officer, buddy or doctor. Some were written by men who never realized that these would be their last lines.

The first of these actual last letters will appear with more uncensored war pictures with

Tomorrow's

Here is just one of the many farewell letters from dying American soldiers:

Dear Grace: Oct. 5, 1918.
Was sent up to the front so fast that no mail has caught up with me. If I only had one little line of yours telling me you love me, to hold in my hand or keep over my heart, it would make the telling of this easier. I'm dying, Grace.
We are just kids, yes, but I am dying a man's death. Not afraid. Only wish I could see you and tell you I love you. Good-by, sweetheart.

EUGENE.

Note: This boy had just joined the division and was killed in the Argonne. His sweetheart was never located.

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BOSTON SUNDAY ADVERTISER

BERGER AND WATKINS HIT HOMERS OFF WALDEG



BOSTON AMERICAN SPORTS

NEW ENGLAND'S GREATEST EVENING NEWSPAPER

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1934

Sports Parade

An Analysis of Our Presidents As Baseball Fans
By AUSTEN LAKE

Of all commercial enterprises in the land, privately owned and run for personal gain, baseball is the only one which induces a sentimental queasiness on the part of our Presidents and prompts them to lend the majesty of their office, including the army, navy and post office departments, to a formal, gala opening each spring. It is a precedent which the first Roosevelt set, on the theory that the common people like to look at their official folk and see them perform human, simple acts, and an example followed by each succeeding chief down to the present, or Roosevelt 17.

Baseball is a business, too, in which the commercial phases are skillfully concealed behind a screen of romantic illusions, and the Washington Senators and Boston Red Sox, which open Monday in a presidential preview, are practical industries, hopeful to make a few shillings for their stockholders. Though this is more true of the Washington club, of which Clarke Griffith, a hard-headed and unromantic operator, is principal owner, than it is of the Red Sox, which is angled by Tom Yawkey, a young idealist who has peeled off \$2,500,000 in this stage without recovering a cent of profit and mostly for the sake of shaping a dream.

When Mr. Franklin Roosevelt slips out the inaugural ball on Monday, it will be an old, familiar story to Stanley Harris, the slim and marcelled manager of the Red Sox, who used to boss the boys during the administration of Harding and Coolidge. I have heard him tell how Harding was a typical baseball fan, who would sometimes sneak out the back door, of the White House, giving his secret service men the slip, and buy his way into the park, where he would sit among the rich customers and munch peanuts. He was one of three presidents, from hearsay knowledge, who could mark a scorecard with all the correct shorthand curlicues. The first Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson were the others.

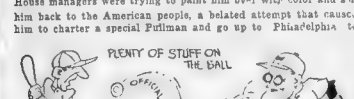
President Harding as a Rabid Fan
And I have heard Walter Johnson, who survived five administrations, tell how Wilson used to have the White House limousine



rolled through the right field gate and parked against the fence where he would sit and watch the games from afar, a thing that he did more frequently during his last convalescence. There were times, too, when Johnson, who, like Harris, married a senator's daughter and moved, and official success would be hunkered by Wilson, and later Harding, during some function, and would be taken into the presidential study where he would have to recite little yarns about his business and how he pitched to Ty Cobb. Harding would sometimes let him and his coat and dangle his feet over the upholstered arm of a chair until some under secretary, or house flunky, would ease into the scene and cough suggestively behind his hand, while saying, "Ah... er... Mr. President, the guests are waiting for dinner." And Harding would hitch on his coat, regretfully, and say, "How Walter, I want to hear more about this, and don't be a stranger."

In the later days of the Republican line, Coolidge was a satiric, inscrutable fan, who rarely appeared at Griffith Park on other than opening day, when he would dip the first ball with his broken wing motion, as a trout fisherman might whip a dry fly. According to Bucky Harris, he would sit at the front of the box, Mrs. Coolidge struck around excitedly and followed the trend of the game intelligently, referring to her scorecard, which she kept with a tiny gold pencil drawn from her handbag. Frequently Mrs. Coolidge would appear during the height of the season with a group of women friends and at the afternoon away, applauding in the right places and keeping a sharp eye for foul balls. And once, Bucky recalls, a high foul descended close by where she sat, so that she ducked and made groping gestures above her head, gazing like a schoolgirl when a neighboring male fan reached over and caught the ball, which he presented to her and she kept.

Franklin Roosevelt Revives the Sporting Stain
There were moments during Hoover's term when his White House managers were trying to paint him over with color and stave him back to the American people, a belated attempt that caused him to charter a special Pullman and go up to Philadelphia to



watch the World Series games. He posed with the players, stannu pattingly with a wistful half-smile, and he shook hands under standingly when Babe Ruth, in a tan camel's hair coat, barged up to the flag-draped box and said, "Hi-yah, Mr. President," a thing he seemed to enjoy and which left a bulge of brightness on his face until it gradually sagged back to its solemn character.

Walter Johnson was manager of the Senators during part of Hoover's stay, and he thought the President might have been a fan, except that he was very shy and did not like to be stared at. And he did not have the trick of easy conversation, so that when he stood up to throw out the first ball in an opening game, and the camera men would shoot, "Just one more now, hold the ball up a bit higher," he would be dismissed finally with obvious relief. Life Coolidge had nothing to say on the subject, though John Joe says that White House attaches told him Hoover read the box scores diligently every morning after breakfast.

From what Joe Cronin has told me, President Roosevelt is reviving the strain of White House sportsmen, and has command in the fan's familiar line. As he posed, last year, in sitting position, with arm coiled to throw the first ball, he asked Spencer, the catcher, "Can you hold my steam? I've a lot of stuff on the line." A remark that his official executive methods have proved to be no overstatement.

WATKINS 38 TOPS BERGER AT MARION

By BILL GRIMES

Marion, April 14.—R. W. "Bunny" Wilson, champion of the South Shore Country Club was leading the field with a 78 here today at the end of the morning round in the second annual Kittanisset Open golf championship.

Wilson was the only player in a field of 75 to break 80. He put together a pair of 38s for his 78 after starting with the first birdie of the season in open competition. Wilson started with his brilliant birdie three, and thred the third after taking a five on the sixth hole. A four followed, but he fired the fifth and sixth holes to no one over four. A smooth four-five-five concluded the first nine.

He started the second nine with a pair of threes, took a five on the 12th, a four on the 13th and then a three. A seven on the 15th raised his chance to take a big lead in the tournament, though he finished four-five-five for his 39 and round of 79.

Win Trowbridge of Cohasset was runner-up to Wilson for prize honors with his neat 80, which was one stroke below Emory Stratton's 81. N. N. Barnes of Danbury carded an 88 which, with his 17 handicap, gave him no leadership for the opening round, with a 71. Wilson's five handicaps put him in second net position. Trowbridge was third in the net race with his 85-75.

Wilson carded:
Out... 3 3 4 5 5 4 5 5-38
In... 3 3 4 5 4 4 4 4-38-78

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'Hey, Rube,' SOS Call of Harris

By Joe Cashman

bank! Werber fouled to Worthington. Judge hit into a double play. Lee to Urbanski to Jordan. NO RUNS.

THIRD INNING
Werber threw out Cantwell. Urbanski was safe when Werber dropped his bat. Werber, hit into a double play. Werber to Bishop to Judge. NO RUNS.

FIFTH INNING
Werber threw out Cantwell. Urbanski was safe when Werber dropped his bat. Werber, hit into a double play. Werber to Bishop to Judge. NO RUNS.

SIXTH INNING
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SEVENTH INNING
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EIGHTH INNING
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Reynolds Homers for Red Sox With 2 On

By Joe Cashman

Continued From First Page
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Shields Wins North-South Net Crown

By Joe Cashman

Continued From First Page
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STELLA WALSH N.Y. MEET

New York, April 14 (AP)—A crack field of competitors headed by Stella Walsh and Betty Robinson will seek the seven individual titles in the women's national indoor track and field championships at the 2nd annual battalion armory in Brooklyn tonight.

Stella Walsh, the Polish girl from Cleveland who did not compete a year ago, is favored to dash home in the 100-yard dash. A game bet on her is 10 to 1.

Miss Robinson, attempting a comeback after suffering injuries in the 100-yard dash, is expected to be a member of the 100-meter relay team.

Barney Ross has infected Earle.

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The locals will get their first glimpse of big Rube Wagner this afternoon when the star forklift will be tossed against the Braves as Bucky Harris makes desperate efforts to beat the Tribe at least once this spring. The

Freddy Corcoran Explains Lost Ball Rule in Golf

By Fred J. Corcoran
As Told to Bill Grimes

This is the rule in golf which says that if a player loses his ball, he must play it again. It is a rule which is often misunderstood.

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Warriors have won all of the three games played in the exhibition series. Walberg is making his initial Boston mound appearance in a Red Sox uniform. (Boston American photo.)

Green Lacks Crew for First 'Navy' in 57 Years

By Joe Cashman

Continued From First Page
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NEW YORK CURB MARKET

[illegible]

New York Bond Market

1915 Low Close			GOVERNMENT BONDS			1915 High Close			1915 Low Close			1915 High Close		
1915	Low	Close	1915	Low	Close	1915	Low	Close	1915	Low	Close	1915	Low	Close
24	22	23	101	101	102	101	101	102	101	101	102	101	101	102
25	23	24	102	102	103	102	102	103	102	102	103	102	102	103
26	24	25	103	103	104	103	103	104	103	103	104	103	103	104
27	25	26	104	104	105	104	104	105	104	104	105	104	104	105
28	26	27	105	105	106	105	105	106	105	105	106	105	105	106
29	27	28	106	106	107	106	106	107	106	106	107	106	106	107
30	28	29	107	107	108	107	107	108	107	107	108	107	107	108
31	29	30	108	108	109	108	108	109	108	108	109	108	108	109
32	30	31	109	109	110	109	109	110	109	109	110	109	109	110
33	31	32	110	110	111	110	110	111	110	110	111	110	110	111
34	32	33	111	111	112	111	111	112	111	111	112	111	111	112
35	33	34	112	112	113	112	112	113	112	112	113	112	112	113
36	34	35	113	113	114	113	113	114	113	113	114	113	113	114
37	35	36	114	114	115	114	114	115	114	114	115	114	114	115
38	36	37	115	115	116	115	115	116	115	115	116	115	115	116
39	37	38	116	116	117	116	116	117	116	116	117	116	116	117
40	38	39	117	117	118	117	117	118	117	117	118	117	117	118
41	39	40	118	118	119	118	118	119	118	118	119	118	118	119
42	40	41	119	119	120	119	119	120	119	119	120	119	119	120
43	41	42	120	120	121	120	120	121	120	120	121	120	120	121
44	42	43	121	121	122	121	121	122	121	121	122	121	121	122
45	43	44	122	122	123	122	122	123	122	122	123	122	122	123
46	44	45	123	123	124	123	123	124	123	123	124	123	123	124
47	45	46	124	124	125	124	124	125	124	124	125	124	124	125
48	46	47	125	125	126	125	125	126	125	125	126	125	125	126
49	47	48	126	126	127	126	126	127	126	126	127	126	126	127
50	48	49	127	127	128	127	127	128	127	127	128	127	127	128
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122	120	121	199	199	200	199	199	200	199	199	200	199	199	200
123	121	122	200	200	201	200	200	201	200	200	201	200	200	201
124	122	123	201											

Wools Lower at Close of Session

	High	Low	Last
April	100 0	100 0	100 0
July	100 8	100 3	100 8
September	101 5	101 5	101 5
October	101 8	101 8	101 8

Hides Lower at Close in New York

June	11 1/8%
September	12 0/8%
December	12 4/8%
March	12 8 1/2%

Sales 320,000 lbs
b-Bid; n-Nominal.

POPEYE

Wimpy Finds Disguise That Tricks Mr. Geezil

*An Exclusive Feature Every Saturday
In the BOSTON EVENING AMERICAN*

BOSTON STOCK
OFF AT CLOSE

Share prices are mostly lower at the close of today's dealings on the Boston Stock Exchange. Changes were largely of a fractional nature. American Telephone on New England Telephone were off fractionally. Edison eased a fraction. New Haven was down slightly while Pennsylvania gained modestly. Chicago Junction preferred was down 2 points. Sullivan machine was at a new high for the year on a rise of more than a point.

Cotton Higher at Close of Market

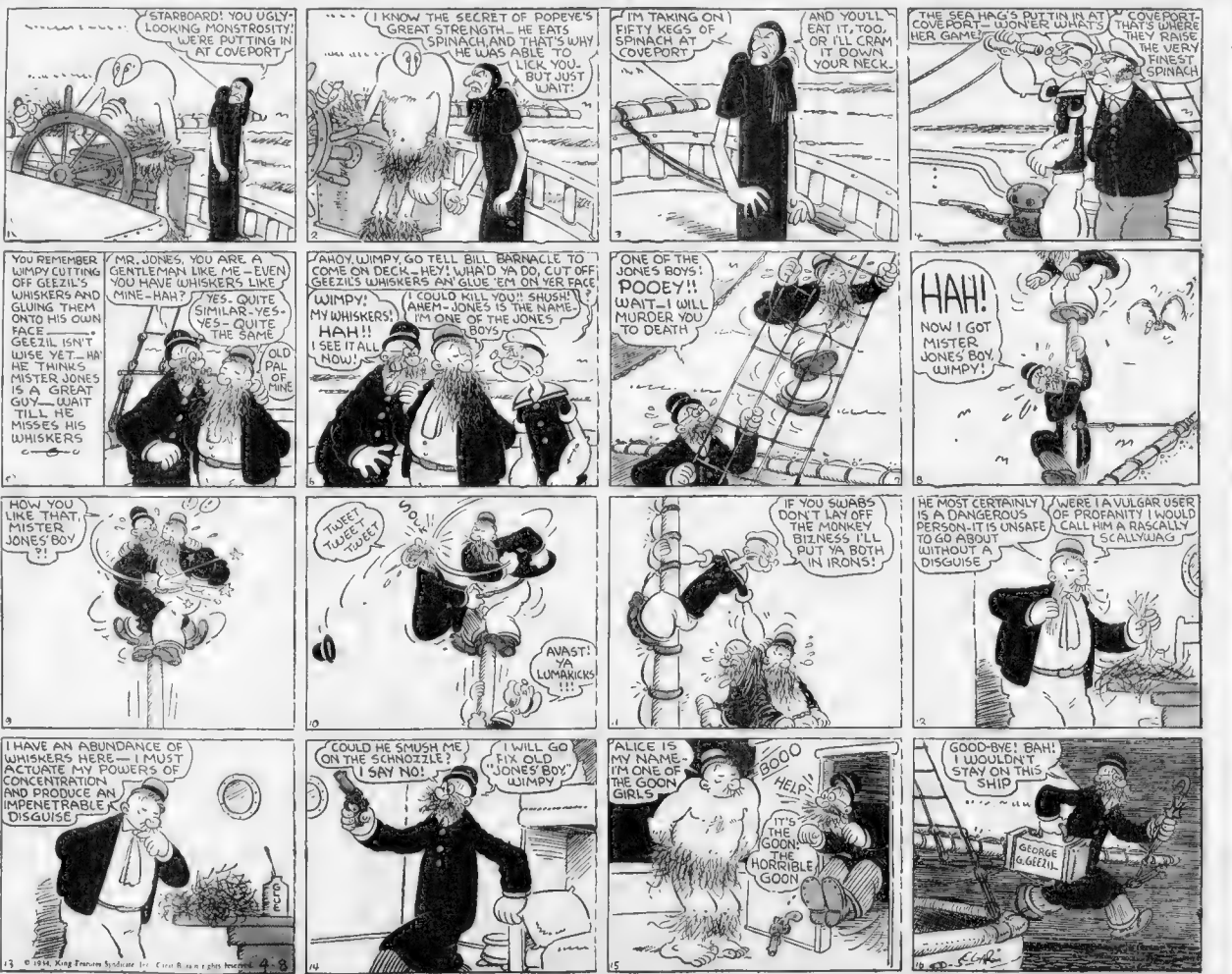
New York, Apr. 14—Cotton futures were 2 to 4 higher and steady at the close today. May, 11.87-88; July, 11.97-99, Oct. 12.10; Dec. 12.23; Jan., 12.28-29, March, 12.38. Spot steady, middling 12.10.

Fourth Liberty Loan

4¼ Percent Bonds of 1933-38.
NOTICE OF SECOND CALL FOR PARTIAL
REDEMPTION BEFORE MATURITY
 To Holders of Fourth Liberty Loan 4¼
 Bonds of 1933-38 and others concerned

Public Bonds are being sold by Liberty Loan 4's bonds of 1943 at their earlier rate of 3 1/2% and 4's bonds of 1944 at their earlier rate of 4%. The bonds are being sold in the manner the public might expect, and the manner in which bonds have been purchased in the past. The bonds are being sold in the manner the public might expect, and the manner in which bonds have been purchased in the past. The bonds are being sold in the manner the public might expect, and the manner in which bonds have been purchased in the past.

Fourth & 1/2's bearing serial numbers ending in U, O, or I have heretofore been called for redemption on April 18, 1934 on which date interest on such bonds will cease.



Another Popeye Knockout in Next Saturday's Boston Evening American—Don't Fail to Get It!

Cook-Cooks

by Ted Cook

One of the mildly exciting announcements in the store advertisements says that wine flavored lip rougers are now available.

Of course all along we've had wine that tasted like cougars.

But being a diplomat is no clock. They've got to train themselves to see what the other fellow means by notting what he avoids saying the most carefully.



FEARLESS JOURNALISM (Lamar, Mo. Democrat—40 years Ago)

O. D. Hawkins of the Sheldon Enterprise has determined to stop the publication of the paper, as the people do not encourage the Enterprise by advertising or subscribing.

WHO'S VIEW

There's nothing quite so silly as other people's views. Just take them with a grain of salt. Or any way you choose.

No, nought so packed with folly, as intellect in love. Except—now melancholy—The ones you call your own!

And Marcella is now traveling around eagerly explaining her plan to tell all Congressmen for counterfeiting. She says her boy friend says they've passed a lot of phony bills.

BRING 'EM BACK ALIVE! (Personal—Saturday Review)

IF THERE is such an animal as an intellectually inclined Southern Californian would like to hear from it. Jenna.

To become a member, write your name, street number, city or town on plain paper and enclose five cents to pay for handling of badge and membership card.

Mail your application to SECRET AGENT X-9, BOSTON AMERICAN, Post Office Box 208.

By return mail you will receive card and a fine shiny badge.

Join The Secret Agent X-9 Club

THIMBLE THEATRE, Starring POPEYE

IT'S AN OILY HORRIBLE! WHEN I CAN SMELL THAT PIPE, I'LL BET IT ISN'T NEAR AS BAD AS FATHER SAYS IT IS.

LET ME SMELL YOUR PIPE, I'LL BET IT ISN'T NEAR AS BAD AS FATHER SAYS IT IS.

WHY IT ISN'T SO BAD—WHAT I MEAN IS—IT COULD BE WORSE—UM—

THAT IS—I MEAN—I'LL BET IT ISN'T NEAR AS BAD AS FATHER SAYS IT IS.

OH, NO! IT ISN'T SO BAD—QUICK! CALL A DOCTOR!

ODD, THAT THE MORE YOU APPLY THIS TO YOUR BEARD BECOMES?

AFTER ALL, HAIR IS HAIR, HANG IT!

AHOY, HON. BA, WHAT IS THIS HON. HUNCH?

NOT SO GOOD, GOLD DING IT!

WHY, I DIDN'T THINK YOU LIKED TO HEAR HER SAY THAT!

WHY, I DIDN'T THINK YOU LIKED TO HEAR HER SAY THAT!

SCIENCE AND INVENTION

This is Dr. Gustave Vandermere, who spent several tedious minutes at a late hour yesterday, worrying about the decay of the American physique, which he believes is due to insufficient exercise.

After announcing the results of his research, Dr. Vandermere dropped a hint that he was now ready to consider any adequate offer for his secret process of depositing lead weights in the stems of cocktail glasses.

Another kind of juvenile delinquency that's very annoying is that found in adults and the international situation.

OMIGOSH! (Swap Column)

WILL SWAP Two bicycle tires, size 24, piano rolls, ABC code, fifth edition, electric vacuum cleaner with attachments for a male and female canary. Will more 5092.

AND SO AND SO (Interview)

"Ten m... years I sing—then I buy a farm." Lily Pons.

FAMOUS LAST WORDS But you really don't think I'm that shallow?

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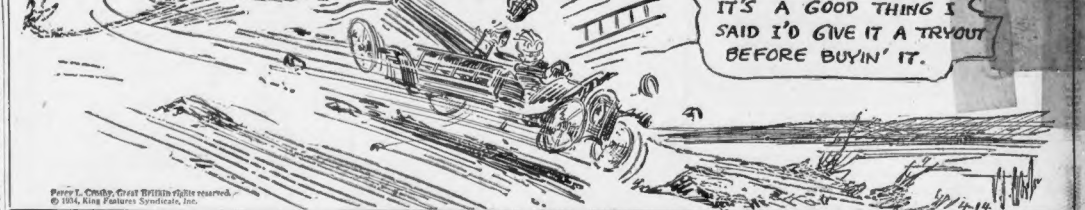
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WHY, I DIDN'T THINK YOU LIKED TO HEAR HER SAY THAT!

BRINGING UP FATHER (FOLLOW JIGGS AND MAGGIE IN THE BIG COMIC SECTION OF THE SUNDAY ADVERTISER) She'll Never Be a Cook



SKIPPY It's the Test That Tells



WAY OUT WEST (KEEP UP WITH THE STORY IN THE BIG COMIC SECTION OF THE SUNDAY ADVERTISER) He Reveals His Identity



SECRET AGENT X-9 Yellow Metal



LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY Sunshine Ahead



TIM TYLER'S FLYING LUCK (FOLLOW TIM TYLER IN THE BIG COMIC SECTION OF THE SUNDAY ADVERTISER) Heavy Company's Coming



POLLY AND HER PALS (FOLLOW POLLY AND HER PALS IN THE BIG COMIC SECTION OF THE SUNDAY ADVERTISER) Ambushed!

